

Force Field

38 Spesh

Yo yo, yoyoyoyo, runnin' through bags like, potato sack rates,
nigga, YO!, NACKMAN!, yo, kept them things, son, coño, son
I just got a bag checked
The last thing you wanna do is fuck with us
Shit get wilder than a Arab spring on lap king
Got the Becky and the Sebastian, my label mixes some niggas I s
plit the cash with
Who the man and most resemble the maggot
Package up in the cabinets, baggies up in the trash is bad habi
ts, bro
I'mma cut into the casserole, elastic dough
Fiend lookin' dead in my eyes, said no and he lost half his sou
l
Fidel Castro cologne, camouflage a clip water zig zower here (B
laow!)
Sigmund Freud in the trap talkin' like a Marvis stock, necked i
mperial bottle, hold up
Ten fulla hollow, breakin' banks
Spesh got me smokin' straight dank for think dollars I tryna ma
ke Franks, yo
Shout out to Pounds and Euros, currency catalogue wilder than a
nigga passport yo, yo (Woah!)
Play this sport, evade the four
Made the four, show you how to make you take off
Guard us some glitter sauce, lakeside Saturday loss
Session with louder elevator to the top floor lists to the Comm
odore
Ship havin' sex, plenty of connection with carnivores

Yeah, yo, I'm workin' offa low nutrients
From a bottle with the douchier? in
Dancin' on the way that was made, Spesh produced it in
To fit my little shooter can't wait, some bitch boosted it
Movie after movie, dumb fucks so get used to it
California made, approved by the FDA
Food, Drugs, Administrate, ain't nothin' left to say
Hit you in the head with that new shit
Exclusive license, fly spreadmaster, this is that Bruce Lee
Rap's Top 10, cuttin' off your oxygen
Trust the Chain came out, and you was knockin' it
Now we got the game back, where it's supposed to be
Even though y'all niggas is openly with the potpourri
I left the cash trail, puffin' on pastels
For poisonous Durban, splurgin' makin' mass sells
I came to get what you couldn't collect
Ain't never letting up, I'mma keep my foot on yo' neck